

Big Bad Billy (Is Sweet William Now) by fullofwander

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Summary:

It's new year's eve and Billy finds a drunk Steve walking alone.

Big Bad Billy (Is Sweet William Now)

Author's Note:

This was supposed to be fluffy but it got kind of angsty at the end. Oops. I'm on tumblr @fullofwander.

Billy Hargrove drove down the darkened street with his window cracked and a cigarette hanging from his lips, guitar riffs and drums blaring from his car's speakers. Despite the late hour, many of the houses had bright light spilling from their windows. It was New Year's Eve, and while there had been a number of parties to attend around town Billy found himself alone and sober.

He turned a corner into a richer neighborhood of Hawkins. The streets here were better-lighted than other neighborhoods, the sidewalks wide and clean. He drove past houses larger than he was used to seeing, each with an immaculately manicured lawn even in the dead of winter, and took pleasure in flicking the stub of his cigarette out into some random stranger's front yard. He blew the last of the smoke out into the night, reveling in the curl of the haze around him.

As Billy leaned forward to light another cigarette, he saw a figure spotlit in a streetlight on the side of the road. A familiar figure, wearing a gray Members Only jacket and fantastically coiffed hair, swinging a bottle as he swayed back and forth over the sidewalk.

Billy slowed the camero to a stop beside the figure. It was Steve Harrington.

Well, well, well, isn't this perfect, Billy thought with a vicious thrill. Just who I needed to make tonight better.

“Harrington. Hey, Harrington!” He leered, rolling his window down all the way and leaning out of it, blowing out a lungful of smoke through a sharp grin. “What’s a pretty boy like you doing out here all by himself in the middle of the night? Did you get yourself ditched again?”

Steve, illuminated by the soft yellow glow, turned to face the rumbling car with a wobble.

“I’m celebrating, can’t you see?” Steve said with a flourish of the bottle. The light gold, bubbly liquid splashed against the sides, enticing him to take another swig. Billy studied him, his wavering stance, the flush high in his cheeks, the distinctively shaped bottle in his hand.

Champagne, he thought. Fucking christ, he’s drunk.

“What the hell are you doing wandering around here drunk?” he asked with far more genuine interest than his original question had held.

“I wanted to talk to somebody, but there wasn’t anyone at home, so I thought I’d go out to find someone. And look!” he threw his arms up into the air, tilting himself slightly off balance. “Here you are!”

Billy leaned his elbow against the door and rested his chin in his hand, taking another drag of his cigarette, immensely enjoying this turn of events.

“Hmmm,” Billy hummed, blowing out smoke through a curling grin, voice smooth and low, “Here I am.”

Billy, not an altruistic person by nature, couldn’t help but think the situation held certain benefits to himself -- it provided an incident to hold over King Steve’s head, a way to possibly trick information out of him...a reason to spend some time with the other boy doing something besides fighting.

He fiddled with his cigarette, changing hands while his mind raced in thought, before putting the car in park and stepping out.

“Alright Harrington, why don’t you let me give you a ride home,” he said through a slow smile, moving into Steve’s space with the intention of grabbing the arm currently swinging the bottle of alcohol around.

“No,” the other boy said loudly, swaying into Billy and looking at him with wide, moist eyes. “There’s no one there. I don’t want to be alone.”

Steve’s voice came out stark and vulnerable, making something deep in Billy’s belly twist.

“Well how about I keep you company then,” his smile turned dangerous at the corners, his words soft and liquid. It was a look he had perfected in the mirror, used against plenty of women. Steve looked at him for a frozen moment, then burst out into peals of

laughter.

“Your face! What’s with that look?!” He bent over at the waist, only narrowly avoiding faceplanting on the concrete by billy’s arm coming around to support him.

“Ok, c’mon,” Billy said, slightly offended, and hauled Steve around the car by the arm around his waist. He finally took the bottle of champagne before attempting to wrestle the other boy into the seat.

Steve responded by wrapping one hand around Billy’s bicep, the other landing on his perpetually bare chest despite the cold weather. Billy jumped at the warm contact, goosebumps rising at the unwitting caress against his bare skin, heart picking up. Steve, unaware of the reaction he’d caused, was swaying back and forth and singing something that resembled a Van Halen song. As Billy finally got Steve seated, the other boy’s hand slid up to grab a handful of Billy’s jacket, before he flopped over. Billy grunted, planting a firm hand on the middle console to keep from getting dragged along.

“Jesus, Harrington,” he said with an unbelieving chuckle. He wedged the bottle still at least half full of liquid back behind the passenger’s seat, where it would be out of sight and out of the way.

What the fuck am I doing. I don’t have any control here.

“Alright, asshole, where do you live?”

Steve threw his head back and laughed openly when the camaro took off into the night with a loud roar of the engine, cold wind whipping through the windows.

It figured to Billy that Steve would live in one of these big ass houses. Every light in it seemed to be on, but the driveway was empty and there was no movement in any of the windows. He glanced over at him after parking and found the other boy staring up at the obviously empty house with sad, almost haunted, eyes.

What the fuck is his problem? Doesn't he have tons of friends? Surely he could have found something to do tonight besides drink alone.

"C'mon, pretty boy," Billy said, sliding out of the car. He came around to the passenger's side but Steve had already climbed out, and when he saw Billy approaching he smiled wide and bright.

"C'mon, asshole! Let's go swimming!" He said, turning and taking off for the side of the house.

Shit! What the fuck?! That's just what he needed, getting blamed for Steve Harrington drowning or getting hypothermia or some shit.

He took off after the other boy, rounding the house into the back yard at a sprint. His paused momentarily when he saw the steam rising from the water. Billy's heart still leapt into his throat when Steve threw himself into the pool, jacket, shoes, and all.

He came up sputtering, laughing and splashing, hair sticking to his face.

“Dammit, get out of there!” Billy yelled, coming to a stop beside the pool. “You dumbass, it’s too cold out here. You’re gonna get sick.”

“No I won’t. The pool’s heated!” Steve punctuated his point by splashing water at Billy. Billy flinched back.

“Uh huh, and what about the walk back to the house from the pool?” Billy asked with a sardonic drawl and lift of his eyebrow, hands on his hips. Steve’s face fell, then lit up again.

“There’s towels in the cabinet,” he motioned towards a wicker piece of furniture, then ducked under the water again.

Billy watched as he came up almost as if in slow motion. The water cascaded down his arms and chest, slicking his jacket and the shirt underneath to lean muscles sculpted by years of basketball. Steve shook his head, flinging wet hair back off his face, running his own hands over his head and down his neck. The moonlight glistened off him, his breath leaving him in small panting clouds. Billy swallowed hard.

He purposefully turned away, grabbing a towel from the specified cabinet.

Dammit, I really don't have any control here.

"C'mon, sweetheart, out of the pool," Billy said softly. He stood at the steps and opened a towel, watching as Steve waded toward him without further protest. He tried not to stare as the other boy came out of the water languidly, one swaying step at a time, sunshine grin curling his mouth in mirth as he watched Billy squirm.

"How come you're never this nice to me when I'm sober?" Steve asked flippantly. "It's always yelling and fighting with you. Now you're almost being sweet. Sweet. Sweet William." Steve giggled to himself.

"Your pain in the ass bullshit puts me in a bad mood, that's why I'm always 'yelling and fighting,'" Billy answered, rolling his eyes. No way was he going to go near the true answer to that. Billy was already hoping that Steve was drunk enough to not remember a lot of the details of this night, but he wasn't going to push his luck that much. And what the fuck was with the sweet William shit?

"You must like me," Steve said with conviction, nodding his head. "Or else you would've left me to drink alone on the street. Hey, where's my champagne?!"

"I do not," Billy responded without any heat, ignoring the question. He rubbed Steve's arms when he started to shiver slightly, bringing him against his own chest and beginning to walk them toward the house.

The warm water mixed with the alcohol was having a liquefying

effect on Steve -- all his joints seemed to turn to water and he had a hard time moving himself at all without Billy's help. He giggled hysterically at the two of them lumbering toward the back door, Billy carrying all their weight.

Steve came down the hallway in clean, cozy, matching flannel pajamas, heavily leaning a shoulder on one wall and sliding along it as he walked. His ever-present grin was lazy, his large, brown eyes sparkling. He stopped in the doorway, staring at Billy with a mischievous look.

Billy watched him warily from the armchair he sat in, wondering what the other boy was thinking. This night had not gone at all like he'd thought it would. Instead things going to his advantage, somehow he'd been turned into the doting babysitter. Fuck. And now he was staring at Steve looking comfy and cuddly, hair not as voluminous as usual, red flannel highlighting the flush still on his face.

Steve leaned to the side where a table sat with a large vase of flowers. Billy waited with baited breath, expecting the whole thing to go toppling to the floor with a crash of smashed crystal and spilled water. It didn't.

"Sweet William," Steve said again, running long, pale, tapered fingers along the petals of an ugly ass bunch of purple and white flowers.

"What?" Billy asked, utterly confused.

“The name of this flower,” Steve giggled, finding mirth in the almost senseless connection of names, “Is Sweet William.”

Billy raised his eyebrows, leaning forward to prop his elbows on his knees and giving Steve a sardonic look.

“You know I’m not sweet, right?” he asked.

“Sure you are,” Steve said, swaying toward him on unsteady and ridiculously attractive bare feet, flashing ankles with each step. “You rescued me from drinking alone. You brought me home. You fished me out of the pool. You made sure I put dry clothes on. You could have left at any point during any of that. You could have abandoned me on the street. You could have driven me farther from home. But you didn’t.” His smile was innocent, almost trusting, as he spoke in a low, calm voice. He picked up a different half-empty bottle of champagne from the coffee table, apparently a victim of earlier in the night.

Billy leaned back again as he came to stand over him, freezing in surprise when Steve brought a hand up to cup his cheek, sliding along stubbled skin to land on a well-muscled shoulder.

What the fuck was he doing? He shouldn’t be letting Steve touch him like this. Talk to him like this.

Billy hated the feeling in his stomach, in his chest. Those were the feelings that tended to get him in trouble...made him act out in harsh

ways.

“You know what I think?” Steve said, taking a swig from the bottle and wiping his mouth with the back of his wrist. “I think your whole tough guy thing is bullshit.”

Billy’s felt his hackles rise, indignation and a little shame igniting in his stomach.

“Bullshit? Did it feel like bullshit when I pounded your face in?” Billy snapped. The harsh words made Steve flinch, the happy smile fading.

“No, but those were extens...extentsu..extenuating circumstances,” Steve pointed out. “We both let our tempers get the better of us. And you clearly use fighting as a way to cope with something.” Steve swallowed hard. “I don’t think you’re a bad guy. I don’t. You’ve just got some things going on. We all do. We just deal with them the best we can. You kind of suck at that part.”

Billy didn’t want to talk about this. He didn’t come here to bare his soul or anything. Fuck. He wa so out of his depth here.

Something must have shown on his face, or maybe the alcohol kicked in another little bit.

Suddenly, Steve slid the hand on Billy’s shoulder around his neck and plopped unceremoniously into his lap, taking another swig of champagne and giggling hysterically. Billy froze, unsure what to do

with the surprise lap-full of drunk teenager. As Steve listed heavily to the side away from him, Billy slid his arms around the other boy and pulled him into the cradle of his chest. Their similar height put Billy's head in the crook of the other boy's neck. He stared at the pale skin dotted with tiny dark moles and wished like never before that he could taste what lay in front of him, and hated himself a little bit for it.

"You'd better give that to me," he said in a warning tone, taking the bottle. Steve used that as an opportunity to wrap his other hand around Billy and pull him in tighter, practically cuddling him into a suffocating embrace.

It was Billy's turn to take a fortifying gulp of the bubbly liquid, which proved to be quite difficult with his face smushed against the other boy's neck. Then he set the bottle well out of Steve's reach, dodging grabby hands that wouldn't stop moving over his back, across his shoulders, down his arms.

Fuck, he's like an octopus. Shit, if he keeps this up I'm not going to be able to hide how much I'm enjoying having him in my lap.

Billy shifted, trying to put some distance between them without success.

"You know what Billy? You're hair is ridiculous," Steve giggled, running his fingers through his blonde curls. He grabbed two handfuls to pull Billy's head back and looked him in the face. "But I kind of love it."

Fuck me.

“Ok babe, you gotta get up,” Billy punched out in a rush, moving to stand up.

“No!” Steve said in a panic, threading one arm around Billy's waist and throwing all his weight to keep them both in the chair. “Don't leave!”

Billy eased back, surprised at the other boy's vehemence.

“I'm not going anywhere, sweetheart,” he said, rubbing a slow hand up the warm line of Steve's spine, finding himself speaking into the curve of his throat.

“Everyone leaves me. There must be something wrong with me,” Steve was getting morose again. Shit, this wasn't about the Wheeler chick, was it? “Even you don't like me.”

Billy rolled his eyes. The last thing he wanted was a sad drunk boy in his lap. Where did the happy one go? Steve caught the movement, and ducked his head.

“Sorry,” he whispered, moving to draw his hands away. Billy grabbed one of his wrists, the other hand still firm on his back.

“You listen to me, sweetheart,” Billy said, low and serious. He held

Steve's eyes intently. "There's nothing wrong with you. Those other assholes just can't see how great you are. As for me, I'm the one who can't control my temper. I'm the one who constantly fucks up. I know that. But you have nothing to be sorry for."

Shit, he's so drunk he probably won't remember any of this in the morning anyways. Fuck, he'd better not or I'm fucked.

Steve's expressive brown eyes were large and glassy, though it was hard to tell whether that was due to alcohol or emotions. His lips trembled slightly, his face still flushed pink. He rubbed a hand back and forth over the back of Billy's neck, drawing blunt fingernails over the skin.

Over on a nearby table, a clock chimed midnight.

"Happy new year, sweet William," Steve said. Then he leaned forward and kissed him.